

## Another Song

Z-Ro

Hold up let me hit my Hypnotic  
aight you rollin?

I'd just like to take a minute to apologize to my listeners  
I just wanna say I'm sorry for not havin any songs about happiness  
or bein in peace and shit like that  
see I can only display my personal feelings and experinces  
and so far I ain't felt what happiness feels like  
and experinced anything but hard times and heartache  
so I apologize for not makin you dance  
I apologize for not havin any sarcaistical songs  
you know that good feeling with e'm  
that put a smile on your face  
I ain't had nothin to offer accept for frowns  
so for that I'm sorry I promise if I could sing another song

I wish I could tell you my life is good but it's not  
I wish Missouri , city runners were cold, but they're hot  
so many situations to deal with, I can't concentrate  
a hundred homies and everyone is fake  
how can I make it out the ghetto it want let me go  
seems like everytime I do a good deed, good deeds never return to 'Ro  
I gave up my last so somebody could have a start  
then somebody got me locked behind bars  
what a way to show ya love back-homie you a friend for life  
for your crime I'm doin time in the Penn tonight  
it's bad enough I lost a family my luck ain't live  
mama died when I was 6 and Daddy ain't have enough time  
to kick it with me-like I wanted him to kick it with me  
now that I'm incarcerated you wanna come and visit with me  
but I ain't holdin no grudges Daddy I love you that's my word  
even though you had me sleeping on a curb...I wish I had another song

These are the days(these are the days)  
we cherish them because soon they'll be gone away(soon they'll be gone away)  
on to another place  
pretty soon I'll be gone  
twenty-sum odd years of calling God on this mobile phone  
if it wasn't for my life style I'd sing another song

I wish that I was ridin around in a Bentley  
but maybe Z-Ro living lavish just ain't meant to be  
cause I'm the type of fella that'll give a bum a hundred dollars  
I'd rather help out my people instead of poppin my collar  
I wish that I could get a million copies sold  
if I'm broke I'd rather die I don't want no more poverty-growing old  
sometimes I wish that I was somebody else  
cause I can't even pay bills even though my CD's wont stay on the shelf  
strugglin and I'm strivin and just barely strivin  
bobbin and weavin-my last breathe time after time  
and it seems that I wont ever get no rest I'm exhausted  
tryna make it-compare the price and pain is what the cost is  
maybe if I was evil I'd be rolling in bread  
until somebody with a pistol come and opened my head  
but my mission is keepin ambition  
I'm trying so hard even though my soul is scarred-oh Lord...  
I wish I had another song

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I wish that I could sing another song  
but my rhythm is too much pain  
sunshine is the level that I think I'm on so tell me why it's so much rain  
day to day it's a struggle in my lifetime  
to keep from tripping I be stayin in the trees  
no crimes commited so tell me why I'm doin time  
and wont nobody come and set a nigga free  
sometimes at night I smoke a cig and sit back  
and wonder why the whole world hate me  
so much ambition I just gotta pull my wig back  
wishing murder would come on and take me  
I wish that I could sing another song  
I'm tired of sleeping in rivers of tears all night long  
no point in wonderin why my people choose to do me wrong  
stuck in this reality until my life is over and gone

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